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THE
Shadow
THE SHADOW
2 OF 4
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IN THE COILS OF LEVIATHAN
KALUTA · GOSS · GIANNI

THE Shadow™

IN THE COILS OF LEVIATHAN

A Shadow Adventure in Four Parts

PART TWO

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In the coils of Leviathan
a Shadow mystery in four parts
THEY'VE SEPARATED NOW, AND THE BARGE IS UNSCATHED... IT'S PROBABLY WORSE FOR THE WEAR, BUT IT DID NOT CATCH FIRE, LIKE THE OTHER BOAT. THE FIREWORKS BOAT, WHICH SEEMS RELATIVELY QUIET NOW...
I CAN IMAGINE, FOLKS, THE RELIEF OF THOSE MANY PEOPLE OUT THERE AS THEY REALIZE HOW CLOSE THEY CAME TO BURNING, OR GOING UP WITH ALL THOSE FIREWORKS! THANK GOD THEY'RE SAFE!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
U.S. NAVY MUNITIONS DANGER
TWO: BENEATH THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK
Job 41:14 Who can open the doors of its face? There is terror all around its teeth.

VRLZZZZ! FALUMPF KLIK
MEATS
SWANKS
SPECIAL SAVE ON FRESH KILLED CHICKEN
TWO MIKES HAMBURGERS
READY-TO-WEAR
WHAT IS IT?
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
IT'S AWFUL!
OH, MY GOD-- LOOK!
RLZZZZZZZZZ

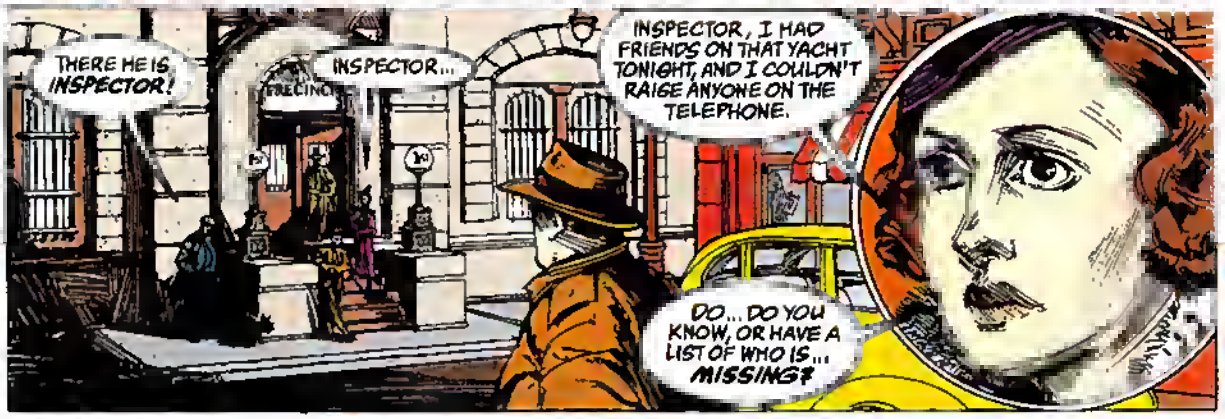
HE'S DEAD.
NO, HE AIN'T--HE'S STILL BREATHIN'.
JUST BARELY. SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING--HE'S ALL CUT UP.
CALL THE COPS.
DON'T GET TOO CLOSE--GIVE HIM AIR.
HE'S GOT AIR. HE NEEDS HELP.
SCREEECH!
¡Gasp!

OKAY, OKAY SPREAD OUT, EVERYBODY.
WAIT A MINUTE. DID ANY-BODY SEE WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
NO; HE JUST CAME STUMBLING OUT OF THE ALLEY AND COLLARSED...
OUR LEAD STORY AGAIN -- THE YACHT FIRE IS STILL BURNING IN THE HUDSON RIVER...
..AS THE WORLD NAVAL CONGRESS OPENS...
...LITERALLY WITH A BANG

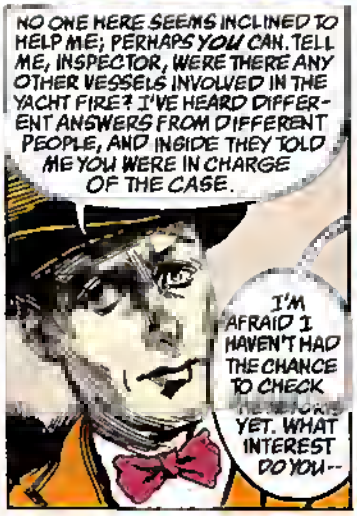
EVEN AS THE FLAMES ARE BEING BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL, MANHATTAN POLICE HAVE TEAMED WITH SECURITY FORCES FROM EVERY NATION...
FALUMPF...
...AS THE INVESTIGATION COMMENCES INTO THE THREE-ALARM BLAZE WHICH APPARENTLY STARTED ACCIDENTALLY ON BOARD THE LUXURY SHIP. THUS FAR, THE LATEST FIERY INCIDENT HAS BEEN MIRACULOUSLY...
FALUMPF...
...NOT ONLY FREE OF ANY FATALITIES, BUT ALSO OF ANY SERIOUS INJURY...
...CONTRARY TO OUR EARLIER REPORTS. THIS IS THE FIRST FIERY ENCOUNTER THAT NEW YORK HAS SEEN IN RECENT MONTHS WITH ABSOLUTELY NO LOSS OF LIFE.
FALUMPF
KLIK
RZZZ...

FALUMPF
KLIK RZZZ...
COULD THIS BE DUE TO THE PRESENCE AND INFLUENCE OF SISTER EUGENIA OVERTON? SOME PUBLIC OFFICIALS SEEM TO THINK SO, EVEN THOUGH...
FALUMPF
...SISTER EUGENIA HAD ALREADY LEFT THE YACHT BEFORE THE INFERNO STARTED...
KLIK RZZZZZ...
FALUMPF
KLIK RZZZZZZ
...WHICH THEN SPREAD TO A FIREWORKS BOAT, ALSO CONSUMED BY THE SPREADING FLAMES.
FALUMPF
KLIK
RZZZZZZZZ
TO REPEAT, DESTROYED BY A FREAK FIRE WHICH ROCKED THE HUDSON RIVER EARLIER TONIGHT WAS THE "YUPANQUI," A LUXURIOUS PLEASURE YACHT WHOSE OWNER...
SCREECH!

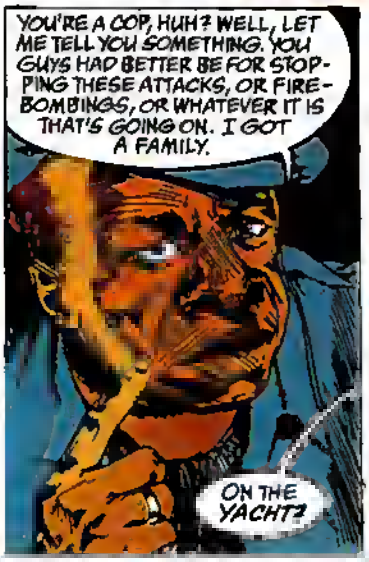
INSPECTOR!


THERE HE IS, INSPECTOR!
INSPECTOR...
PRECINCT
INSPECTOR, I HAD FRIENDS ON THAT YACHT TONIGHT, AND I COULDN'T RAISE ANYONE ON THE TELEPHONE.
DO... DO YOU KNOW, OR HAVE A LIST OF WHO IS... MISSING?

I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO CHECK THE REPORTS YET.
OH.
BUT I UNDERSTAND THAT NOBODY WAS SERIOUSLY INJURED IN THE INCIDENT.


NO ONE HERE SEEMS INCLINED TO HELP ME; PERHAPS YOU CAN. TELL ME, INSPECTOR, WERE THERE ANY OTHER VESSELS INVOLVED IN THE YACHT FIRE? I'VE HEARD DIFFERENT ANSWERS FROM DIFFERENT PEOPLE, AND INSIDE THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE IN CHARGE OF THE CASE.
I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T HAD THE CHANCE TO CHECK YET. WHAT INTEREST DO YOU--

I REPRESENT THE INSURANCE FIRM THAT PROVIDES THE BOAT BAGIN'S COVERAGE. I THOUGHT I'D TRY TO GET A HEAD START ON TOMORROW'S BUSINESS.
1ST
YOU OUGHTTA SEE THE PILE OF WORK I GOT. ANYWAY, I HEARD THAT ONLY THE TWO BOATS BURNT UP.


YOU'RE A COP, HUH? WELL, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING. YOU GUYS HAD BETTER BE FOR STOPPING THESE ATTACKS, OR FIREBOMBINGS, OR WHATEVER IT IS THAT'S GOING ON. I GOT A FAMILY.
ON THE YACHT?

YACHT? I'M TALKIN' ABOUT THIS THING ATTACKING ANOTHER CITIZEN. AND IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD!
IS THAT SO? I HAVEN'T SEEN THE REPORTS YET--I'M TRYIN' TO DO THAT NOW. I PROMISE YOU WE'RE DOING ALL WE CAN TO LIVE THIS...

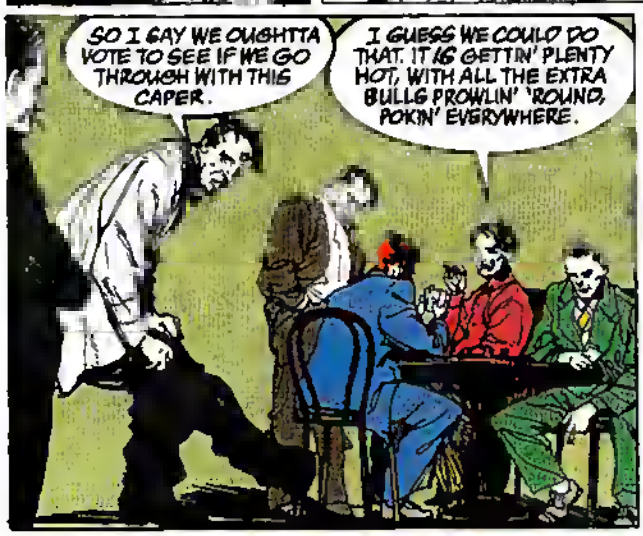
AND WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU DOING? I'M FROM THE CLASSIC.
THAT RAG? THEN YOU TELL ME--WAS THIS ATTACK BEFORE, DURING, OR AFTER THE YACHT FIRE?

AFTER. WHY ARE THE TWO RELATED?
I'LL FIND THAT OUT WHEN I READ THE REPORTS...
...IF I EVER GET INTO MY OFFICE.
IF I HAD THAT PILE OF REPORTS ON MY DESK, I WOULDN'T BE IN ANY HURRY TO GET TO IT.
MIND IF I TAG ALONG A BIT?
HE'S GOT OTHERS WANT A PIECE OF HIS TIME.
I WAS--
BE RIGHT WITH YOU.
INSPECTOR
SO WHAT'S THIS ABOUT ANOTHER ATTACK?
YEP. IT'S THE MCCOY, ALL RIGHT--AND THIS TIME, WE GOT US A SURVIVOR. HE'S OVER AT ST. VINCENT'S. CRITICAL, BUT STABLE.
A LIVE WITNESS? HAS HE TALKED YET?
NAH, HE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS.
WHO IS HE?
WHY DON'T YOU GO ASK HIM, MR. FOURTH ESTATE?
I WILL. DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME, MOTHER.
THAT OUGHTTA KEEP THAT BO OUT OF MY HAIR FOR A WHILE.
I NOTICE YOU DIDN'T CROW ABOUT YOUR BIG BUST TODAY.
HUH? OH...
WERE YOU TOO CHICKEN?
YEAH, INSPECTOR, WHICH CAME FIRST, THE CHICKEN OR THE EGG ON YOUR FACE?

YOU KNOW WHAT HOOVER SAID, ABOUT A CHICKEN IN EVERY PRECINCT.
THAT PILE OF WORK IS STARTIN' TO LOOK GOOD.
COULD YOU THREE RITZ BROTHERS CUT IT OUT LONG ENOUGH TO TELL ME THE STATUS OF THE YACHT INVESTIGATION?
THE RUSSIANS HAVE PRETTY MUCH TAKEN CONTROL, AND SINCE IT LOOKED LIKE JUST A FREAK ACCIDENT, WE LET 'EM.
AN ACCIDENT? YOU SURE?
SURE I'M SURE. NO MENTION OF ANY "MONSTER." BESIDES, THE REAL ATTACK WAS BLOCKS AWAY, AND JUST A FEW MINUTES LATER.
WELL, YOU GUYS CAN LAUGH AT ME IF YOU WANT TO...
WE DO.
WE WILL.
WE HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED ON ALL THE MANHOLE COVERS YOU WAS LIFTIN'.
...BUT I STILL THINK THESE ASSAULTS HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT SOMETHING'S TELLIN' ME THAT EVERYTHING'S NOT AS RANDOM AS IT LOOKS.
WHERE THE HELL DID THAT FELLA GO?
1ST

I SAY WE TAKE A VOTE.
A VOTE? WE ALL AGREE IT'S DANGEROUS DOWN THERE
WE GOT A REAL JAKE HEIST, AND IT INVOLVES GOING DOWN INTO THE SEWERS, FOR THE LOVE O' PETE.
YOU KNEW THAT WHEN YOU CAME IN FROM CHI-- WE ALL DID.

YEAH, I KNEW. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE ALL THIS MONSTER STUFF WAS GOING ON.
FRANKIE SAW SOMETHIN' DOWN THERE ONCE, AND HE DIN'T COME BACK THE NEXT TIME.
HE'S GOT A POINT. AND FRANKIE AIN'T THE ONLY ONE TURNED UP MISSING.

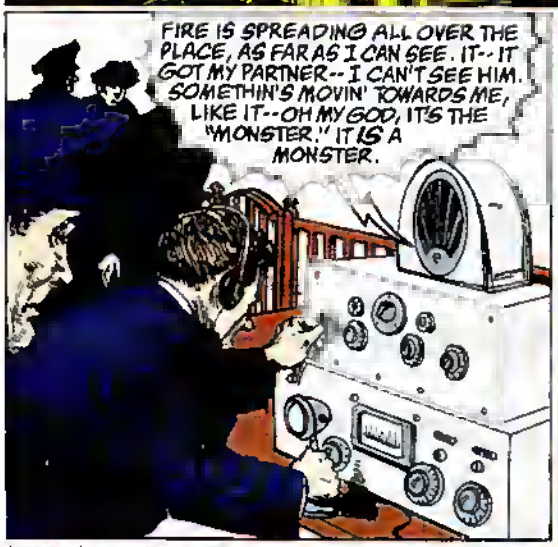

SO I SAY WE OUGHTTA VOTE TO SEE IF WE GO THROUGH WITH THIS CAPER.
I GUESS WE COULD DO THAT. IT IS GETTIN' PLENTY HOT, WITH ALL THE EXTRA BULLS PROWLIN' 'ROUND, POKIN' EVERYWHERE.

LET ME REMIND YEZ THAT THE BOSS SAYS THERE'S CLOSE TO TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THIS FOR OUR GANG. FOR A LOT OF SET-UP, AND LITTLE WORK. NOW-- ALL IN FAVOR?
AYE!
ME!
AYE!

LOOKY THERE, THAT INSPECTOR. SNEAK ON UP, MIKE, AND LET'S RAZZ HIM AGAIN.
HE MUST BE TRYIN' TO GET IN THE CIRCUS, TAKIN' OVER FOR JOE BONOMO.
HOLD IT A SECOND, PETE. THAT AIN'T THE INSPECTOR.
NO, IT LOOKS LIKE WHAT'S-HIS-NAME, THE JEWEL THIEF... "CHALKY" SOMETHING OR OTHER.
I WONDER WHAT HE'S DOIN' OUT HERE IN ALL THIS CLEAN AIR?
KEEP AN EYE ON HIS GUN POCKET. I'LL FIND OUT.
NICE AND EASY.. STAND UP STRAIGHT NOW. WHAT'S YOUR GAME, FELLA?
CLANK!
WHOOF!

PETE!
KACHOW!
GET OUTTA HERE YA IDIOT! GO! GO!
BANG!
BANG!
SCREEEE
AAAHH!
RZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!
SCREEECH!
WHAM!
RZZZZZZZ
5¢
RZZZZZZZ

SIGNAL 32! OFFICER DOWN! HELL, I NEED HELP AND FAST. SOME KIND OF EXPLOSIONS GOIN' ON HERE IN AN ALLEY NEAR THE CORNER OF 30th AND EIGHTH.


FIRE IS SPREADING ALL OVER THE PLACE, AS FAR AS I CAN SEE. IT-- IT GOT MY PARTNER-- I CAN'T SEE HIM. SOMETHIN'S MOVIN' TOWARDS ME, LIKE IT--OH MY GOD, IT'S THE "MONSTER." IT IS A MONSTER.

CAN YOU SEE IT? WHAT'S HAPPENING? WE'RE ON THE WAY.

I CAN SEE SOMETHIN' MOVING IN ALL THE FLAMES; IT'S ALL AROUND THE CAR NOW. IT'S COMIN' FOR ME... OH MY GOD...

GET OUT OF THERE, MIKE! CAN YOU GET AWAY?

THE CAR IS WRECKED... I'M PINNED IN... AND IT'S MAKING SUCH AN AWFUL NOISE. OH MY GOD. IT'S...

MIKE! MIKE! THERE'S OFFICERS ON THE WAY! CAN YOU HOLD OUT? MIKE?

EW YORK
LD TRIBU
TWO CENTS
FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1938

Mayor Kettler, in stylish slumberwear, gets details

CITY FILLED WITH FEAR

...e police announced they are confident of solving ... latest in a string of bizarre murders. New York ... officers Pete Larkin and Mike O'Donnell, as well ... unidentified person, are the most recent victims. ... a matter of time," said Police Department ... Montgomery Sheldon. "We feel we're ... striking distance of obtaining what we feel ... well be crucial information pertaining ... case." He added, "We don't take the ... two of New York's finest lightly." ... attack brings the number of victims ... attacks seem to be centered near the ... at night. One victim has survived ... condition at St. Vincent's hospital. ... regain consciousness, but doc- ... good.

... number of third degree burns ... major internal injuries," said ... head surgeon at St. ... see no reason why the ... full recovery." ... at his bedside. "We're ... what he saw," says ... key to the whole

... on the street has ... what they're ... rvous about ... Carlo Levi, ... Those ... out ... was ... of

MENAGERIE ... LOOSE; JE... IN TURM...

Residents of Jersey ... their streets this ... Packards were ... exotic fauna. ... aire Ryder ... his compo... Windhar... Police ... duty ... and

THE WEATHER: Partially cloudy today turning to showers in the evening. Highs 60 - 65. Overnite lows 35 - 40. Extended forecast on page C-10.

Circulation 233,423,544

Daily Worker

MAY 8, 1938

TWO

...n New York Police Department officers Pete Larkin and Mike O'Donnell of the 1st Precinct.

UNIONS DEMAND SAFER WORKING CONDITIONS

By Ernest Cosgrove of the Daily Worker

The threatened sewer strike seems even more imminent with this latest outrage (details in Column Five), and the Brotherhood of Firefighters is talking of a temporary removal of all Hook-and-Ladder and Engine Company boundaries as they relentlessly pursue their dangerous duties all over the city.

Typically (in our view), Mayor Kettler did nothing to help the average joe, but under community pressure finally announced plans to stage a public rally this evening to support for the many br... less men and w... under the ... expe...

the Naval Congress and the ma... part in attracting same to our cit... usual, this will probably usurp... time, keeping him from opening ... significant talks with the irate uni... members from Local 5440, who ha... been vocal in agitating for safer wor... ing conditions in the city's sew... "If it wasn't this 'monster... any number of ... union rep... "Th...

...test Outrage ...en as Last Straw

...precedented move, officials of several local ... of 1560, 5440, and 90210 organized to ... to the senseless destruction epitomized ... ght's outrage which killed NYPD officers ... and Mike O'Donnell. ... ly dangerous to go down ... ou think the bosses ... t a thing un... why ...

New York Tim

Circ. 1,567,879,487

FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1938

PRINTE

WORLD NAVAL CONGRESS STILL VIABL

U.S., RUSSIANS IN ACCORD

The somewhat spectacular fire on the privately-owned pleasure yacht *Yupanqui* last night in the upper west side of Manhattan has in no way dampened the atmosphere of comraderie between member nations of the World Naval Congress.

Independent investigators of many nations, led by a team from the Soviet Union, have found no evidence of sabotage, a spokesman told the *Times* today. Mayor Kettler has responded by scheduling a press conference at Battery Park. He added that he hopes that keeping the communication lines open between Gracie Mansion and the segment of the public affected ost by the conference. (contin. d p. 10, column 2.)

Luxury Yacht Yupanqui being moved aw following the fire that gutted it Thur

RESIDENT ROOSE CLARES TRA

r Robertson (UPI)
nt Roosevelt said Tue w the resolution on Germany military a e

NEW CLASSIC YO

Evening Ed

Two Cents

ANGEL OF DEATH DEFIES DEVIL!

MEDIUM SAYS PSYCHIC DISTURBANCE TIED IN WITH EVANGELIST'S VISIT TO CITY

(Special to the Classic by Clyde Burke)

Spectacular events transpired with breathless speed last night as two of New York's finest were mowed down in their prime by person or persons unknown — or was it the Supernatural?

With this recent attack, on officers Mike O'Donnell and Pete Larkin, many witnesses (off the record in fear of their lives) have spoken of a

City Held in Grip of Fear (More photos on page three.)

Rocky Dies Yellow

WE GOTTA GET A REPLACEMENT FROM CHI? I STILL DON'T LIKE THIS-- IT AIN'T HEALTHY.
YA DIDN'T COME HERE FOR YOUR HEALTH, MAXIE; AND ANYWAY, YOU HAVEN'T LIKED ANYTHING SINCE YOU CAME TO TOWN.
AND YA HAVEN'T SHUT UP ABOUT NOT LIKIN' IT. WE GOTTA REPLACE FRANKIE, WHO AIN'T COME BACK FROM CASIN' THE SEWERS.
SINCE WHEN DID A LITTLE POLICE INTER-FERENCE BUG YA?
SURE I BEEN, BUT THIS IS GETTIN' TO BE TOO MUCH FOR MY BLOOD PRESSURE. THERE'S TONS O' COPS UP HERE...
...AND THAT WHATEVER IT IS DOWN THERE.
I'M GETTIN' REAL TIRED OF THIS WHININ', MAXIE.
BAM G!
MAKE IT TWO REPLACEMENTS FROM CHICAGO.
AND WATCH THAT SUIT-- WE JUST HAD IT PRESSED.
SAYS IN THE LATE EDITION HERE THERE'S BODIES WAS FOUND AIN'T EVEN BEEN IDENTIFIED YET. SHEESH! ALL THESE PAPERS, ALL THESE HUNCHES 'BOUT WHO MAYBE DONE IT. THEY ALL GOTS A DIFFERENT ANGLE, AND I CAN'T FIGURE IT, HEAD OR TAIL.
NEW CLASSIC
WHO KNOWS WHAT TO MAKE OF IT?

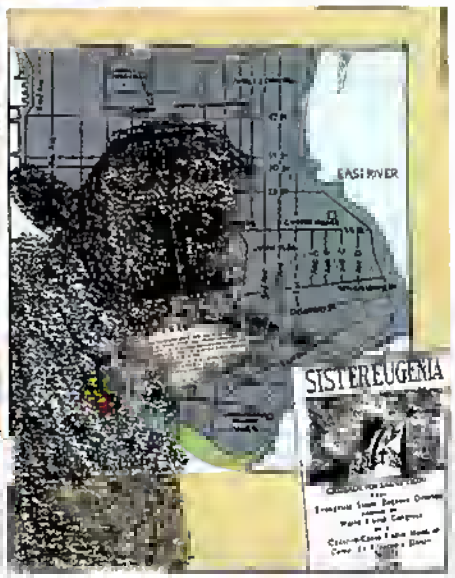
HUDSON RIVER

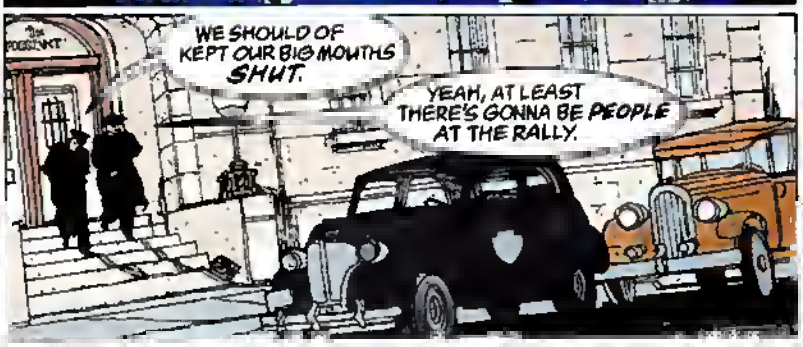
THE WAY PETE AND MIKE BOUGHT IT, I COULDN'T HELP WONDERING IF THERE ISN'T SOMETHING TO THIS OCCULT "MONSTER" STUFF.
HOW ELSE COULD TWO GOOD COPS GET KILLED LIKE THAT?

EAST RIV
SISTEREU

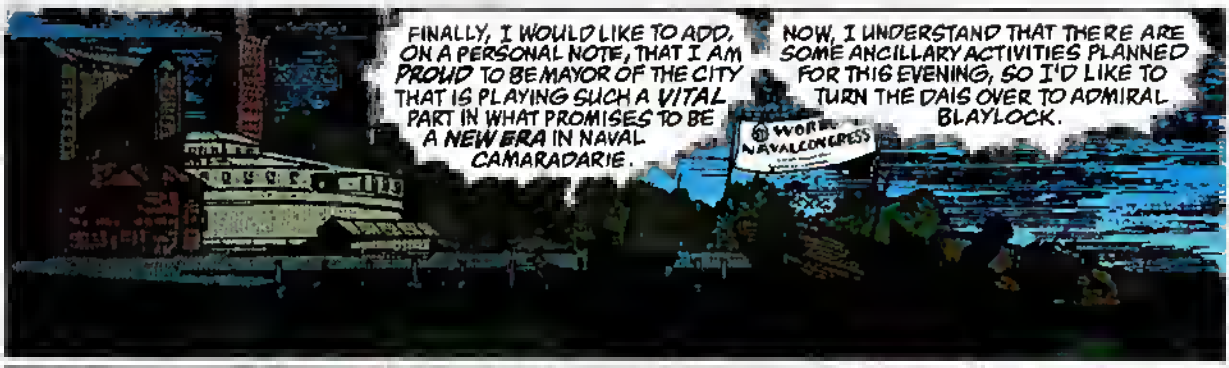
ALL RIGHT, I NEED A COUPLE GUYS DON'T WANT TO STAND GUARD FOR THE MAYOR AT THAT NAVAL RALLY TONIGHT.

YOU, AND YOU. YOU TWO ARE GONNA STAND GUARD OVER THAT SEWER CRIME SCENE AT 30th AND EIGHTH. GET MOVIN!


EAST RIVER
SISTEREUGENIA


WE SHOULD OF KEPT OUR BIG MOUTHS SHUT.
YEAH, AT LEAST THERE'S GONNA BE PEOPLE AT THE RALLY.

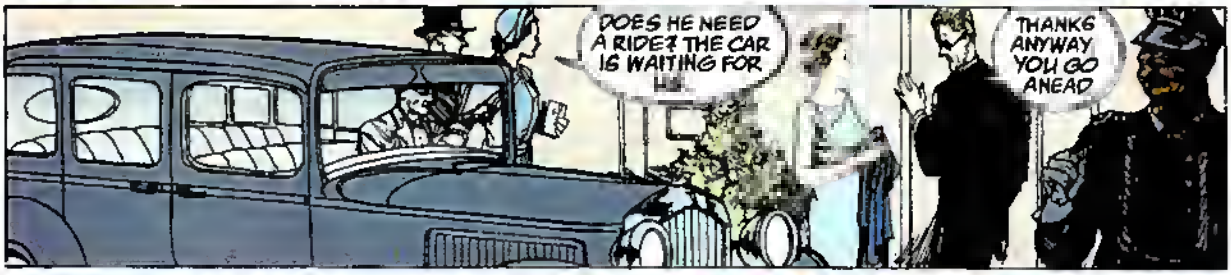
PROFESSOR MEDSKER, IF IT'S OKEH BY YOU, I'D LIKE TO KNOCK OFF A LITTLE EARLY, WHAT WITH THE RALLY SO CLOSE BY...
...THE TRAFFIC AND ALL...
...I'VE GOT TO MEET SOMEONE UPTOWN.
JUST HELP ME MOVE THIS ARTICULATED FLANGE CABLE, THEN WE CAN BOTH LEAVE.
WORLD NAVAL CONGRESS
HELLO, FRIEND. HERE TO HELP WITH OUR LITTLE DEMONSTRATION FOR THE RALLY TONIGHT?
NEW WORLD MINISTRY
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I WANTED TO ASK IF YOU PLANNED TO CARRY THE DEMONSTRATION FROM HERE AFTER THE MAYOR'S SPEECH UP TO THE SCENE OF THE LATEST ATROCITY.
A MARCH, HUH? WE HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT, BUT IT'S A GOOD IDEA.
YES, I THOUGHT SO.
WE COULD FORCE CITY HALL TO PAY ATTENTION TO THEIR OWN DOORSTEP, PLUS ALL THE PAPERS ARE GUARANTEED TO BE THERE.
THANKS FOR THE IDEA, MISTER-- MISTER?
HEY, JERRY! I GOT AN IDEA FOR A MARCH! C'MERE A MINUTE...
WORLD NAVAL CONGRESS


FINALLY, I WOULD LIKE TO ADD, ON A PERSONAL NOTE, THAT I AM PROUD TO BE MAYOR OF THE CITY THAT IS PLAYING SUCH A VITAL PART IN WHAT PROMISES TO BE A NEW ERA IN NAVAL CAMARADARIE.
NOW, I UNDERSTAND THAT THERE ARE SOME ANCILLARY ACTIVITIES PLANNED FOR THIS EVENING, SO I'D LIKE TO TURN THE DAIS OVER TO ADMIRAL BLAYLOCK.
WORLD NAVAL CONGRESS

AS MAYOR KETTLER FINISHES HIS PREPARED REMARKS, THE MOOD OF THE PUBLIC IS LOOMING OVER HIM, JUST AS THE BURNT-OUT HULK OF THE PLEASURE BOAT "YUPANQUI" LOOMS OVER BATTERY PARK - A
IMMEDIATE PROBLEMS FOR THE MAYOR.
WORD IS THAT EVANGELIST SISTER EUGENIA OVERTON WILL JOIN THE CROWDS AS THE WORLD NAVAL CONGRESS RALLY TURNS INTO A MARCH TO HONOR THE VALIANT POLICE OFFICERS THAT WERE TRAGICALLY

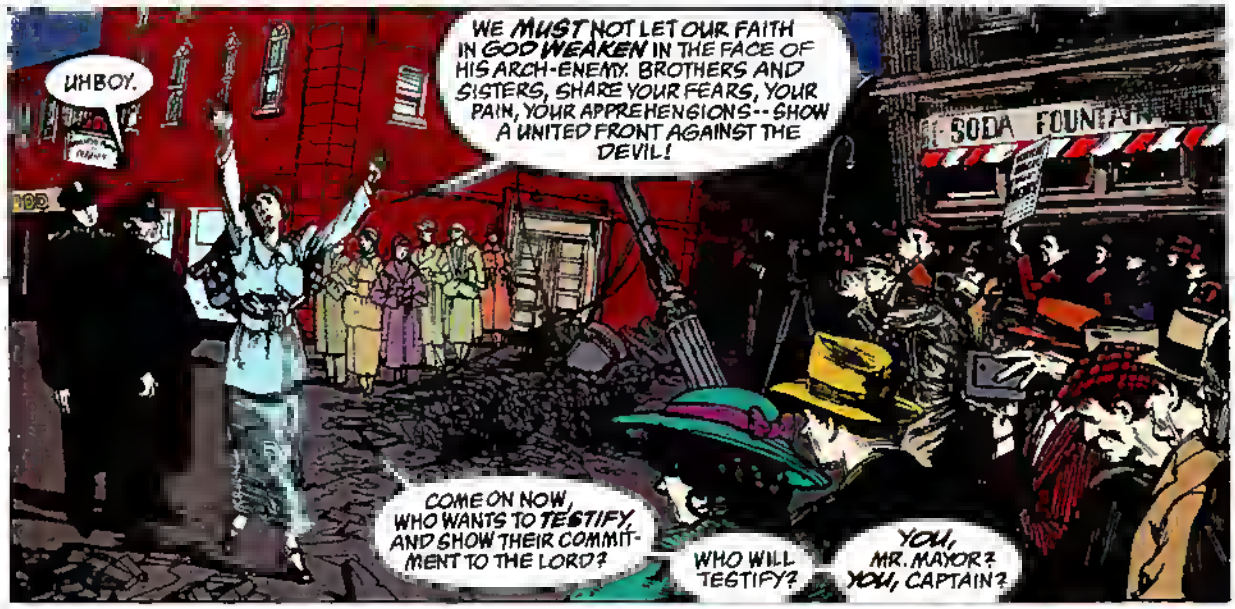
I DON'T KNOW WHEN WE CAN MEET AGAIN. PERHAPS YOU'D CALL ME LATER AND WE COULD--

COME ALONG, DEAR. IT'S TIME FOR SISTER EUGENIA TO CONFRONT THE FORCES OF EVIL.
MOTHER, THIS IS WAIN PERRINE...


DOES HE NEED A RIDE? THE CAR IS WAITING FOR
THANKS ANYWAY, YOU GO AHEAD

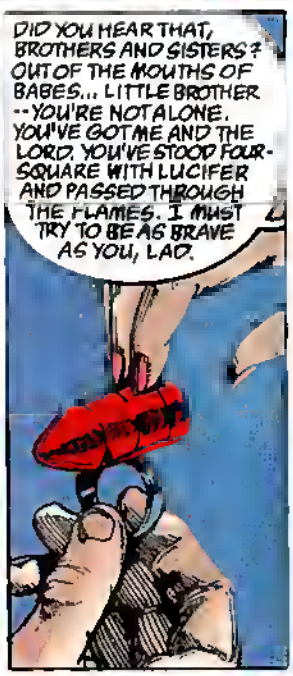
WHY THE RUSH, MOTHER? I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU THIS EXCITED IN A LONG TIME.
THE RALLY HAS TURNED INTO A MARCH. A MARCH TO THE SITE OF THE DEVIL'S LATEST WORK. I CAN CONFRONT HIS EVIL FORCES ON HIS OWN DARK GROUND.

YOU'RE RIGHT. I HAVEN'T FELT THIS WAY IN YEARS.
I FEEL... HIS PRESENCE.
HERE THEY COME. I WAS AFRAID THIS MIGHT HAPPEN.
YEAH, THE RALLY CAME TO US. ISN'T THAT DOUBLE DUTY, SOMEHOW?
COULD YOU LOOK THIS WAY, SISTER? THANKS.
FRIENDS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS, THE TIME HAS COME TO END SATAN'S REIGN OF FEAR!


UHBOY.
WE MUST NOT LET OUR FAITH IN GOD WEAKEN IN THE FACE OF HIS ARCH-ENEMY. BROTHERS AND SISTERS, SHARE YOUR FEARS, YOUR PAIN, YOUR APPREHENSIONS -- SHOW A UNITED FRONT AGAINST THE DEVIL!
SODA FOUNTAIN
COME ON NOW, WHO WANTS TO TESTIFY, AND SHOW THEIR COMMITMENT TO THE LORD?
WHO WILL TESTIFY?
YOU, MR. MAYOR? YOU, CAPTAIN?

I'LL TESTIFY! I'LL SPEAK OUT, TO RENOUNCE MY WICKED WAYS.

I STOOD BY AND WATCHED A MAN SUFFER, AND ALL I THOUGHT OF WAS WHAT I COULD GET OUT OF IT. I TURNED MY BACK ON HIS CRIES AND TOOK HIS RING. NOT FROM HIS FINGER, BUT OFF'N THE GROUND WHERE HE DROPPED IT.
IT'S THE DEVIL'S JOOLERY, I WANTED IT SO MUCH, AND I WANTED T' HIDE, AN'... AN THE DEVIL COME AFTER ME T' GET BACK. I DON'T WANT IT NO MORE. I DON'T WANT TO HIDE, TO BE ALONE.


DID YOU HEAR THAT, BROTHERS AND SISTERS? OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES... LITTLE BROTHER -- YOU'RE NOT ALONE. YOU'VE GOT ME AND THE LORD. YOU'VE STOOD FOUR-SQUARE WITH LUCIFER AND PASSED THROUGH THE FLAMES. I MUST TRY TO BE AS BRAVE AS YOU, LAD.

I MUST CONFRONT SATAN AS YOU DID. COME, BROTHERS AND SISTERS. TOGETHER WE SHALL HAVE THE STRENGTH TO CAST THE DEVIL ONCE MORE INTO THE PIT.
HALLELUJAH!

HALLELUJAH!

TELL ME MORE...
I SAW THIS GUY IN THE ALLEY, AND AFTER THE MONSTER GOT HIM, HE THREW THAT RING --I HID IN THE ALLEY AND THE DEVIL MONSTER COME AT ME T' TAKE IT BACK.
DESCRIBE THE "MONSTER"...
IT WAS A WHATCHACALLIT.
--A FIRE-BREATHING DRAGON, LIKE. IT WAS GIGANTIC! IT COME AT ME, AN' IT HAD THESE ARMS LIKE SNAKES, OR SOMETHIN'.
IT WAS WHIPPIN' AROUND, AND IT GROWLED SOMETHIN' FIERCE. NOT GROWLED, BUT, LIKE, SCREECHED!
LORD I HUMBLY ASK YOU, ONCE AGAIN, TO BE MY SHIELD AND MY ARMOR...
AND IT ATTACKED YOU?
I THINK SO. I CONKED OUT, BUT I THINK IT WAS AFTER ME.
...AS I PREPARE TO DO BATTLE IN YOUR NAME. AMEN.
AMEN.
POOM!
BROTHERS AND SISTERS, THIS IS THE CROSSROAD IN THE BATTLE OF LIGHT OVER DARKNESS.
MOTHER-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

POOM!
POOM!
RZZZZZZZZZZZZ
OH!
RZZZZZ

POOM!
RZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

NEXT ISSUE: *BREATH OF THE BEAST!*

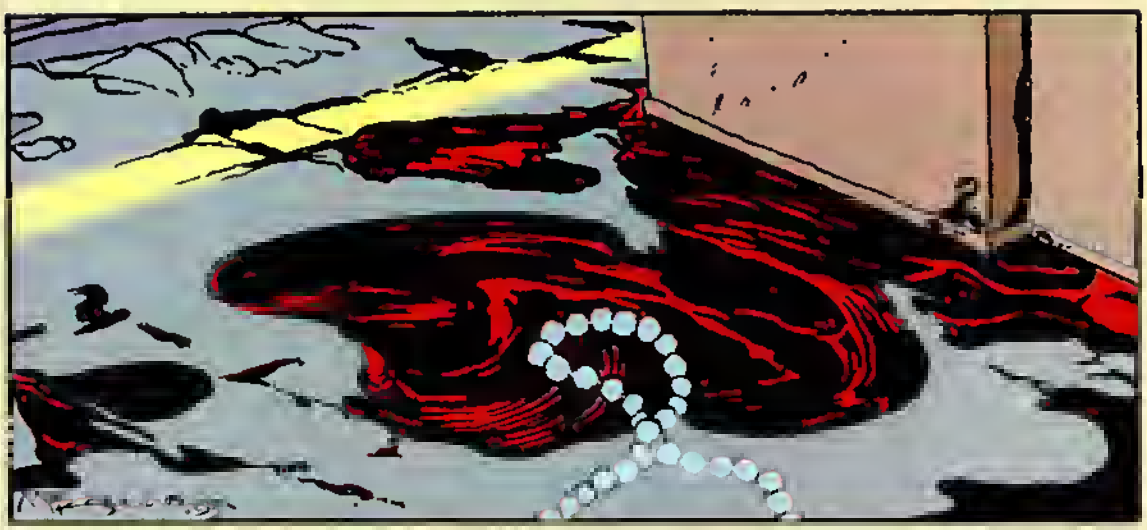
Money squandered, souls spent, night's obscure agents crawl around the corner of Time, sticky hands winding the Clock-That-Died. Webs of darkness still enshroud the quiet. The mainspring slides against its housing, slowly twisted into life by the suddenly insistent turning of the key. A metal sigh: the gearing moves again. In the first half-sweep of the second hand, the clock-face wakes, once more aware that the hour is important. With painful accuracy the chimes chime through the recently forbidden air, sounding an end and beginning, their reverberating toll climbing the risers leading to Dawn. Morning in the tide (a shoal of light quarreling below the horizon) wavers with each timed peal, reticent to extend itself across the border of despair that Blind Nature senses surrounding the City.

The acts of Judgment and Mis-judgment that echo from the deeper envelope of the Night have only just played their final trump, the last poses in the awkward dance of Death and Desire, a footfall short of finality . . . the final bow and turn of the plummeting form splashing into yesterday. The ripples may catch the reflected fingers of the morning sky.

With mounting dread, as one might unwrap an unknown, sodden bundle, the sky dinges another point toward un-dark, hands trembling and eyes flickering to either side — will the twisted lump laying astride the curb be a discarded coat of pain, tossed off with someone's forgotten life, the finger-spread pentalinear arc of smeared crimson mapping the final staves of its pointless symphony? Its surrounding stain the mark of ignorance or ambition?

Fragments of confrontation redefine the boundaries of ownership and intrusion, scattered at just the proper angle to refract the green edge of rising light. Blurred alley — dark now retreats from the brightening points — shards of reflection — though the light is only discernible to eyes steeped in the deeper dark — eyes that remained lidless throughout the haunted early hours.

Dawn as Dawn is hours away but the night has passed and the exhalation of long-held breath over-susurrates the howling breath of



the lightly dead: the sleeping refugees from Yesterday. The early brushstrokes of normality begin to repaint the despair-daubed canvas . . . the rattle and click of teeth gives way to the accustomed rattle and click of bottles in the milk cases, the drag and clop of retreating footsteps replaced by the tired metronomic clop, clop of the dray horse. The Silent Animals return to shadow — the nightmares repaper themselves onto the walls and fences, tendrils sliding into the brick and mortar, the sidewalk crack, the empty box behind the dustbin. Precariously hanging forms suffused with intent, dangerous corners, angles of insubstantial dread curl into their daytime masquerade. The clowns no longer chuckle at midnight; the doors no longer gape, orange tongues licking inky shoes into their bellies. Slatted windows no longer watch the desperate night dance, cur-

tains unbound, applauding the figured movements. The curving building face no longer wrinkles its brow in dark contemplation of the weeping man, the shrieking woman, or the street-haunted child.

Sucked into itself, Night retires.

The day is born in a blister of radiance: a light-crazed coruscated retinal image stabbing upward from the East too wide for the blind, slit eye of the descending crescent moon. Beneath beating wings the eternal gray city, hooded with clouds, is limed into silhouette by the upsurging dawn.

Life pumps slowly into the tiered catacombs, the fluid drive of the metropolis begins the hours-long process of uncongealment, unconcealment. Leaving their cooling forms pressed in the bedclothes, the Morning Men — draped in grey, disenfranchised by the night — begin their quest for Meaning (the pump pumping, the motor grinding, and how the drum beats, on and on). Revealed by dawn, each denying the understatement of his own reflection, each greeting the other with a welcome smile of insignificance, they clabber into runnels, streams, rivers of sleep-puckered millions trailing their wisps of dream, choking the recently shrouded night-drama streets with the clearing throat of Industry and Intent to Earn.

One who stands sentinel, alert, during this transition must acquire the strange grace of insignificance, eyes open from the dark, unblinded by the burning coin of sunrise. Under the wash of light, shadows hold only reflections of light and more light.

The oblique face of the night is now wreathed in dream, digesting. There's a new face now . . . something nameless and universal, fresh from slumber, hair tied back with a ribbon of light. This is Day and its renewal, wearing the refigured Mask of Yesterday (a memory half-caught in the throat), the weight of night-fears taken from its shoulders. When she laughs, every memory and fragment of laughter echoes, copies, identifies, floating around her stolen image, individuating the multitude with the honest temptation of usefulness.

This is the face that beckons the briskly striding toward the descending hand of Opportunity . . .

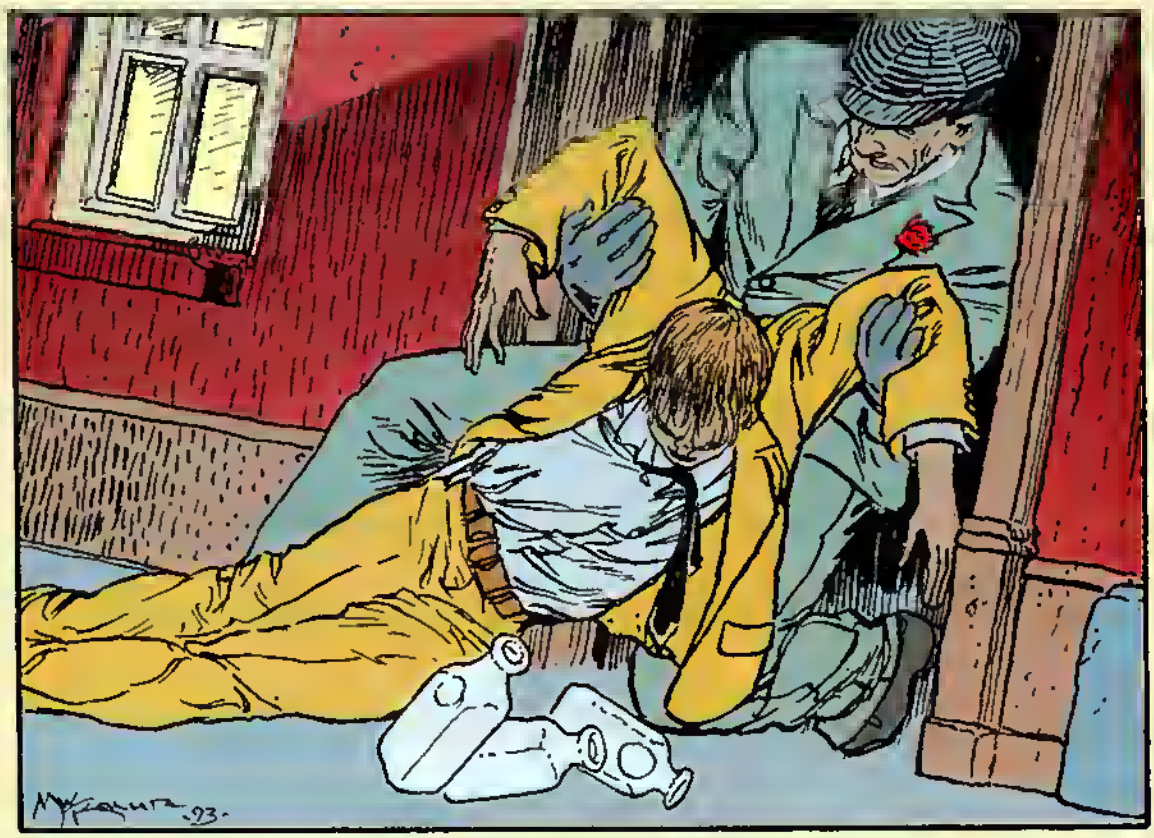
This is the face that imbues the throng with the Need to Be, giving cause to their effect . . .

This is the face that reapportions the city's proportions, denying the parallel, defying the perpendicular . . .

This is the face that forgives the city for teaching perception with a straightedge, for combining the blast furnace with the kalcidoscope while caressing tubes of chrome . . .

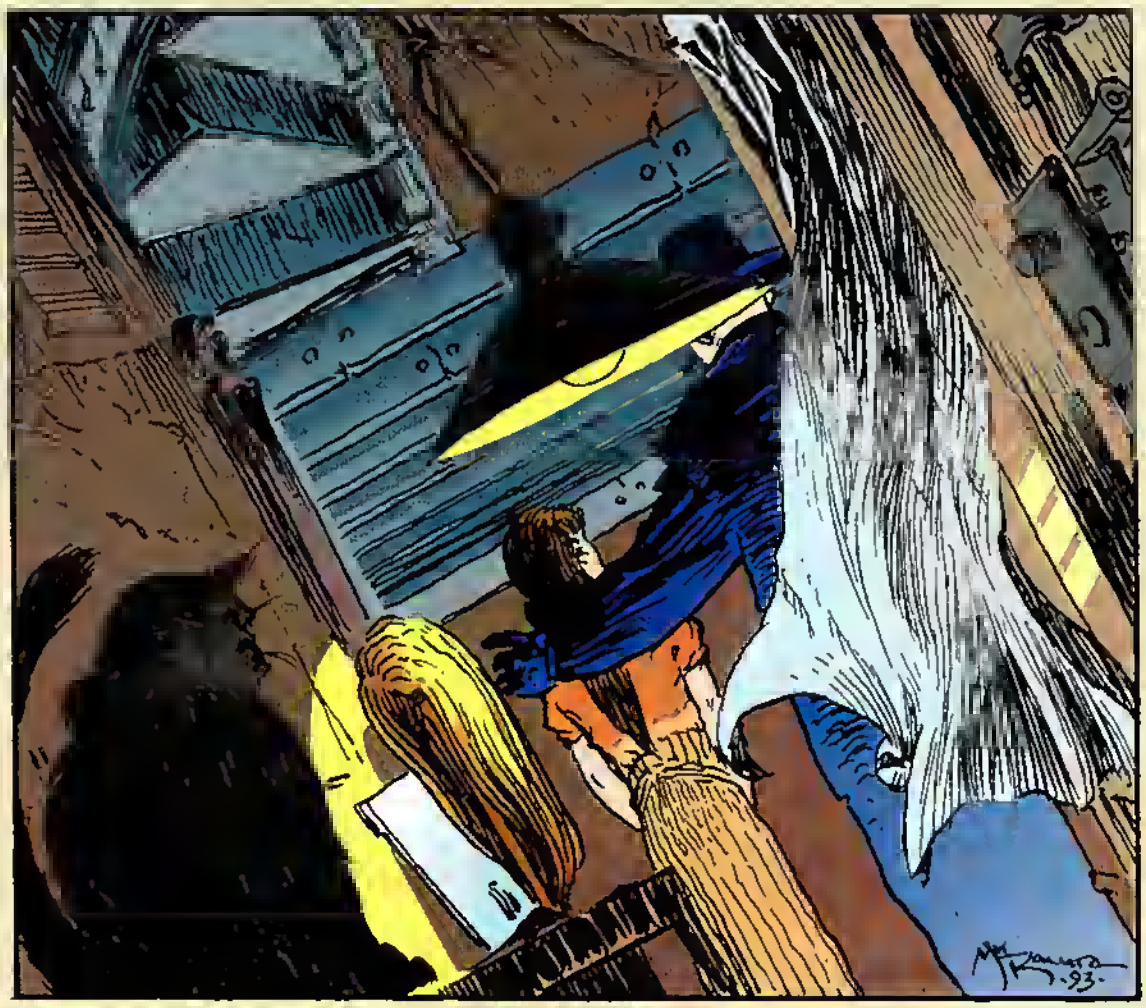
This is the face that smiles through the multi-tiered Egyptian's Nightmare, her breath of success blending with her breath of marble while her hand picks pockets and crushes souls, squeezing the faltering ones toward the sucking hose of Night.

The faltering join the Night-owned who wither beneath the sun, the proud feeds pulled from their veins by the avalanche of Morning. It is their curse to curse the sun while licking the razor edge of daylight 'til the shadows lengthen again toward the liquid promise of evening. How they shamble through their morning, aching hearts



beating toward the angular fragment of stolen midnight, their lips toward the decanted wine of that bitterness of fruit. How many draughts before evening darkens the crack under the door. How dry the tongue wetted with evil, the vintage of their chosen hour still hours away hut advancing into the whirlpool of their consciousness.

Who could believe how they yearn again for the sealed vault of midnight, how they strangle inwardly in hysterical petulance to abide again with the viscera-hung figures and cat-headed phantoms, their amorphous mouths grinning, teeth on the jugular of My City, groaning, anticipating the hot wash of lifeblood. To bite. To drink and drink and drink, finding surcease only in the madness of glutted insensibility.



I watch as they walk like other men.
I listen when they speak in shrouded meanings, like other men.
I know what evil lurks in their hearts.
And knowing, I laugh. And laugh. And laugh.

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